

## **Late**

Panicked fingers fumble over the table while time runs out. "Keep queueing, I'll rejoin!"

## **Sweat**

The sadistic puzzle must be solved.  
All combinations must be tried.

## **One clear envelope per passenger**

Liquids, gels, pastes, creams.  
The items, so many; the bags, so few.  
In glass and plastic tubes, minute quantities of product, absurdly small against the sullen throng drifting behind, grotesquely insignificant under the 20 million cubic feet of terminal space.

## **Horror**

As they're carried away out of sight, the infant mind in aunt Lauren's arms indelibly records the nameless anxiety and fear.